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Pop-art bird's-eye impression by John Seares Riley, 26



**BP FOR THE CAR IN
YOUR LIFE AND
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tatler

and bystander volume 257 number 3337

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER



The M4 is part of Britain's expanding trunk road pattern, built to speed the traffic from London out beyond Oxford and into Wales. It has had the interesting side effect also of re-introducing travellers to the little Thames-side towns and villages strung along the earlier stages of the route. Writer J. Roger Baker in company with photographer John Timbers went exploring the escape routes from M4. Their findings begin on page 248. The girl in Timbers's cover picture wears a straight, lightly belted little dress in glittering Lurex. By Fredrica, 13 gns. at Harrods; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

International Sports Festival & Exhibition, Crystal Palace, today to 21 August.

British Show Pony Society's Southern Championship Show, Ascot, 12 August.

Yateley Horse Show, Mont-eagle Farm, nr. Camberley, 13-14 August. (Details, Yateley, 3365.)

Grouse shooting begins, 12 August.

Shrewsbury Musical & Floral Fête, 18, 19 August.

Ponies of Britain Club Summer Show, Peterborough, 20, 21 August.

Edinburgh Festival, 22 Aug.-11 September.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Haydock Park, Salisbury, Catterick Bridge, today & 12; Newbury, Chepstow, Stockton, 13, 14; Wolverhampton, 14; Windsor, 16, 17; York, 17-19;

Goodwood, 18, 19; Lingfield Park, 20, 21 August; **Steeple-chasing**: Newton Abbot, today & 12; Market Rasen, 12; Haldon (Devon & Exeter Meeting), 18, 19 August.

GOLF

Boys Amateur International, Gullane, E. Lothian, 13, 14 August.

Boys Amateur Championship, Gullane, 16-21 August.

POLO

Cowdray Park: first rounds Sussex Cup, and Pony Club Tournament, 14 August; Brecknock Cup Final, and Pony Club Tournament, 15 August. **Taunton Tournament**, 19-22 August.

Cirencester Tournament, 25-30 August.

YACHTING & REGATTAS

Salcombe Week, to 13 August. **Fastnet Race**, 12-14 August.

Bembridge Regatta, 13, 14 August.

Poole Yachting Week, 15-20 August.

Bournemouth Regatta; **Lowestoft Sailing Week**, 16-21 August.

TENNIS

North of England Championships, Scarborough, 16-21 August.

AVIATION

King's Cup Air Race, Baginton, Coventry, 20, 21 August.

MUSICAL

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, to 11 September.

Bolshoi Ballet, Royal Festival Hall, to 21 August. Mon.-Fri., 8 p.m.; Sat., 5.30 and 8.30 p.m. With Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to

15 August.

Giacometti Exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 30 August.

Russian Artists, Alwin Gallery, Brook St., to 27 August. **Clémentine Ballot**, 1879-1964, Madden Galleries, Duke St., to 15 August.

Calder, Vasarely: Brook Street Gallery, to September. **Six Decades of American Art**, Leicester Galleries, to 18 August. (See Galleries, page 264).

Malcolm Hughes, Michael Pennie, I.C.A. Gallery, Dover St., to 11 September.

EXHIBITIONS

Shakespeare Exhibition, Stratford-on-Avon, to 19 September.

Kipling Centenary Exhibition, Batemans, Burwash, Sussex, to 31 October.

Guild of Gloucestershire Craftsmen, Painswick, to 21 August.

British Craftsmanship, Design Centre, to 30 August.

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 3 Oct.

"Ellen Terry & Her Family," British Theatre Museum, Holland Park Rd., to 2 October.

FESTIVALS

Chichester Theatre Festival, to 4 September.

Braemar Highland Festival, Invercauld, to 23 September.

Malvern Theatre Festival, to 2 October.

Pitlochry Drama Festival, to 9 October.

Keswick Theatre Festival, to 9 October.

SON ET LUMIERE

Southwark Cathedral, to 4 September.

Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 11 September.

FIRST NIGHTS

Golder's Green Hippodrome, Marlene Dietrich, 16 August.

Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. *The Imperial Nightingale*, 17 August.



John Akar, director of the Sierra Leone National Dance Troupe, with the youngest member of his company, seven-year-old Tommy. The troupe of 60 dancers, singers, drummers and musicians will appear at this year's Commonwealth Arts Festival in London

BRIGGS by Graham



GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table

Chez Maurice, 116 Seaside Road Eastbourne. (Tel. 4894.) Booking essential. For a long time, in common with a lot of other people, I have regarded this as one of the best eating places on the coast between North Foreland lighthouse and Shoreham harbour light. When its creator, M. Maurice Ithurbure, talented chef and pupil of the great Escoffier, retired recently I feared that its standard might decline. This fear is unfounded. Its new owner, M. Alphonse Bertschy, is of Swiss-French origin and a chef of international experience. The *coq au vin* and *pâté maison* are as good as ever. The *crêpes suzettes* are famous. The wine list is sound and sensible. Prices for really high class cooking—the menu is *à la carte* only—are not excessive. Some dishes (all are cooked to order) are remarkably reasonable.

Ajmer Indian Restaurant, 96 Wilton Road. Five minutes from Victoria Station. Open noon to midnight. One would not, ordinarily, choose the Wilton Road as a hunting ground for gastronomic pleasures, and it would be easy to pass by this modest restaurant without noticing it. Yet I would back its curries, and

especially its rice, against most of its London competitors. I discovered this at a luncheon party at a friend's house nearby, when praise was unanimous for the Indian dishes and their "trimmings". He then told us where they had come from. The Ajmer is small, plain and clean. The main courses range from 4s. 6d. for many of the main dishes to a top price of about 7s. 6d.

The Spinning Wheel, 1 Perrins Court, off Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead. (HAM 3131.) The manager of this restaurant is an Austrian who trained in Switzerland, where he specialized in patisserie. He has as well a shrewd appreciation of the eating habits of the British. All this is reflected in the quite sizeable menu, which includes herring *à la Russe*, scampi, escargots, sole Colbert, *osso buco* and Japanese salad. A quick count showed that there is a choice of at least 25 sweets. The restaurant is on two floors, with music on the lower. The cooking is sound and the prices reasonable, which goes for the wine list as well, starting from a Medoc at 18s. per bottle and a Riesling at 19s. This restaurant is well known locally, and it is unwise to assume, in the evenings at any rate, that you will get in on chance. W.B.

The Wife of Bath, Wye, Kent. This restaurant is now closed all day on Sunday as well as on Monday. Mr. & Mrs. Waterfield deserve the break this will give them for they have worked jolly hard to make it an establishment of deservedly high repute.

Wine note:
Two for parties

If you are on the look-out for reasonably priced sparkling wines for parties there are two I can commend with confidence, one French, the other German. The French is a Blanc de Blancs sparkling Rhone wine from Seyssel, extra dry, Varichon et Clerc, costing 20s. per bottle. The other, imported by S. F. & O. Hallgarten, is a Sekt-Schloss Rheingarten, at 16s. per bottle, and in quarter bottles at 5s. 3d. Some people make the mistake of comparing these wines with champagne. They do not aspire to that comparison, but they stand on their own as pleasant wines for party and summer drinking.

. . . and a reminder

The Charge of the Light Brigade, White Lion Yard, 37 Brook Street, just out of Bond Street. (MAY 4505.) *The theme of the décor and the menu is the Crimean War period, and both are most entertaining. Raglan's Fish Pie is one to remember. Lighthearted music upstairs at night.*

The Belvedere, Holland House, Holland Park. (WES 4641.) *Good food and wines in what used to be the ballroom of Holland House, and a formal garden, floodlit at night, surrounding it. Out of the ordinary and not too expensive.*

Nick's Havajah Restaurant, 16 Bateman Street, Soho. (GER 4736.) *Pleasant atmosphere and remarkable value for money in table d'hôte menu.*

Maison Basque, Dover Street, (HYD 2651.) *With its warm, friendly atmosphere, and good French cooking, it has maintained its popularity with the discerning.*

Braganza, 56 Frith Street, Soho. (GER 5412.) *In the same building as the Magnum Room. Fine for fish as well as meat. Good value for money.*

Where the Gourmets dine*



—A stylish, elegant, modern restaurant with a truly luxurious atmosphere, excellent service and, above all, very high standards of cuisine.

Egon Ronay



—It is a long time since I have enjoyed a meal so much—it was quite excellent. The waiting was impeccable and the maître d'hôtel took a constant interest in our enjoyment.

John Baker White



—One of the best restaurants in London.

Quentin Crewe



—Excellent classical French food. Waiters abundant and professional.

Clement Freud



—The service is first class and so is the cooking.

Julian Jeffs



—The enthusiasm of Chef Giulio and his team has sent this restaurant's reputation sky-high.

Fanny and Johnnie

Cradock



* IN LONDON—

These Connoisseurs of Food and Wine Recommend

THE WHITE HOUSE RESTAURANT

Albany Street, N.W.1.
Telephone: EUSton 1200



Buddy Greco, the American singing star, whose dynamic recordings of classic show-tunes brought him to the Royal Variety Performance in 1963, started a four-week engagement at the Talk of the Town this week

Sylvie Nickels / Now the ships have come home

GOING PLACES

The other week I was standing in a supermarket in Las Palmas, pocketing change from 30s. for a full bottle of whisky and 200 cigarettes, and thinking that the Romans had had some foresight when they named these volcanic outposts the Fortunate Islands. On this occasion mine was only a brief visit, in port with Union-Castle whose passenger ships call here 75 times a year on their way to and from South Africa. By going out on one *Castle* and returning on the next, you have four days in Las Palmas and a very pleasant round trip. The availability of accommodation in both directions depends on the season, but there is an alternative combined arrangement for travelling one way by British United flights.

The fact that the Canary Islands are free ports is only a minor part of their good fortune. Doubtless it helps to account for the vast number of cruise ships also calling here, tying up alongside Las Palmas' long narrow jetty, nearly as long as Southend pier and an endless source of traffic confusion when things are busy. But what the Romans probably had in mind was the climate, which is balmy indeed. My previous visits have always been in the idyllic Canaries winter, so I was glad to confirm that their summer is really not excessively hot.

The Romans were not the first to find them. The Carthaginians are believed to have been there before them, and the Spaniards arriving on the scene in the 15th century found stone-age cave dwellers. The present inhabitants are descendants of the conquerors and the conquered. Then there were the dogs, large, lean and fierce, which are said to have given their name to the islands (from the Latin, *canis*.) They exist no longer, except for an inferior version bred on Fuerteventura, but there are statues of them facing the Cathedral of Las Palmas, and you can imagine them roaming those volcanic landscapes.

Las Palmas is not my favourite town. As in Palma, Majorca, the hunger for new building seems insatiable and the square blocks that too often pass for modern architecture are swam-

ping the original character. But there are still oases of gracious calm. The Santa Catalina Hotel and its grounds provide one, and in the old part of town, there are many noble houses still, built round delightful patios whose doorways on to the street are often happily left open. The Columbus Museum is contained in the most interesting building of all and, on its patio, brilliant parrots dart sharp suspicious looks at you from their perches under the orange trees.

Behind Las Palmas, the hills are brown and thirsty, but geraniums and bougainvillea edge the roads in luminous cascades. One of them leads to the golf club of Las Palmas, near Bandama Crater, about nine miles out of town. The club house is beautiful and I have a fond memory from my last visit of three diminutive local boys caddying for three American youngsters who were barely larger. The very greenness of this 18-hole course, so carefully nurtured, is almost surrealist against its arid setting. My favourite mountain spot, however, lies roughly in the middle of Grand Canary, at Cruz de la Tejada, where a *parador* (State-owned inn)

faces a view of raw splendour.

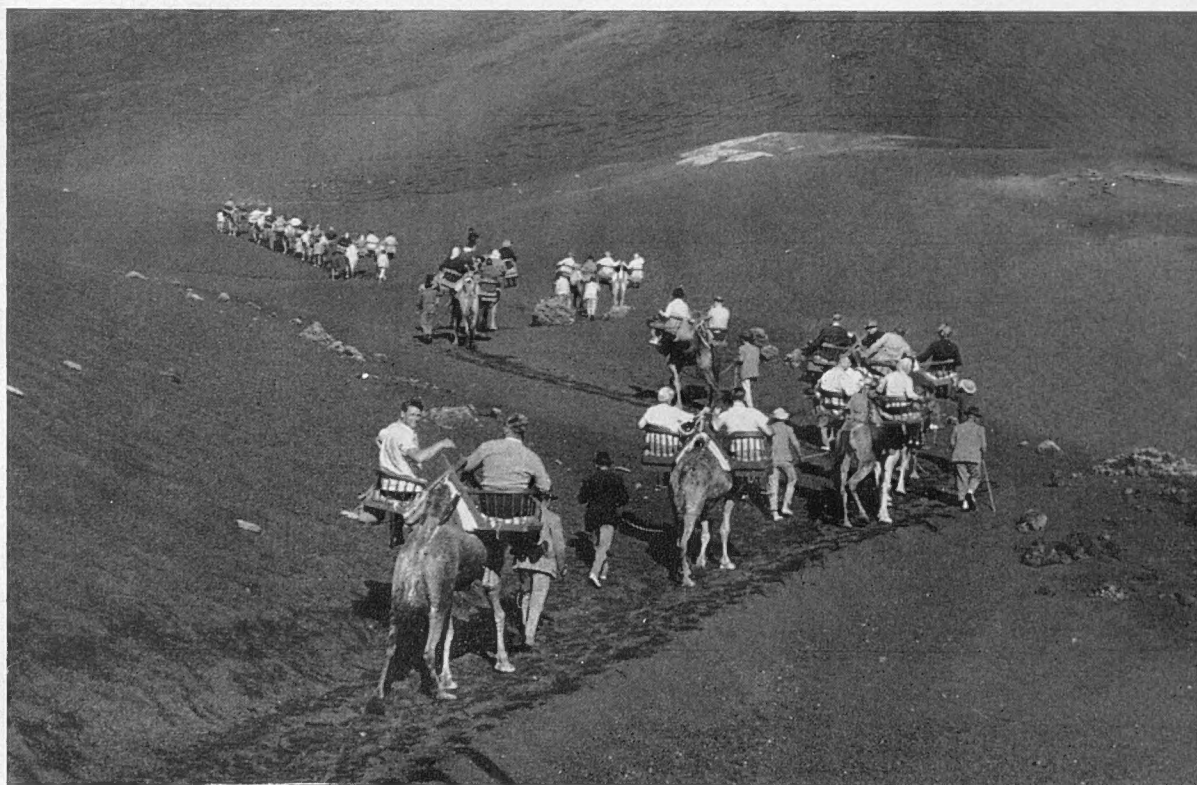
When it comes to mountain majesty, no one can dispute that the honours go to El Teide, rearing over 12,000 feet on Tenerife. On a clear day, you can see it from Grand Canary and, indeed, from any of the other islands, and imagine the magic sight it must have been to sailors of yore after landless weeks at sea. The summit is reached by car from Orotava to the *parador* of Las Cañadas, thence by mule-back and foot, usually allowing two days. The night is spent at the Rest Hut at Alta Vista, about 1,500 feet below the summit, and the final stretch accomplished early next morning in time to view the sunrise from the top. Under good conditions you can see the whole archipelago and even the coast of Africa, so it is infinitely worth the effort.

The great pace of tourist development in the Canaries has been limited to quite small areas, and the other islands have remained so far blessedly

ABROAD

untouched to enchant those who are tired of sophistication and are not too easily bored by their own company. They are easy to reach. The domestic services of Iberia Airlines link the islands of Grand Canary, Tenerife, Fuerteventura, Lanzarote and La Palma, and there are local shipping services to all the inhabited islands except Graciosa, a small satellite of Lanzarote.

I am told, though I have not been there, that La Palma is the most beautiful of the Canaries, but Lanzarote must surely be the most bizarre. Holland-America Line's *Staten-dam* earned the distinction of being the first cruise ship ever to visit it last January, when it was chosen as the mystery port on their annual New Year cruise. With 600 or so passengers descending on it, the whole island went most delightfully berserk. Every taxi and private car, reinforced by minibuses shipped in from Las Palmas, was put at our disposal. Costumed dancers twirled in the streets, children scampered after the cars, hung over walls to wave. We rode camels across the weird volcanic moonscape of the south, fried eggs in the hot



Camel rides across the volcanic landscapes of Lanzarote are a strong tourist attraction

ashes of the Montañas del Fuego (Fire Mountains), and looked down from the sheer cliffs of Bateria del Rio in the north to little neighbouring Graciosa, composed of two fishing villages, four extinct volcanoes and a miniature desert.

On the terrace of Lanzarote's one hotel, the *parador* at Arrecife, we drank Malvasia, the local wine which goes straight to your knees. We had seen the vines and fruit trees growing in hollows scooped out of the volcanic ash. The only moisture is the nightly fall of dew, attracted and retained by this unlikely soil. It looks like the end of the world. Or perhaps the beginning.

How to get there:

By air: London-Las Palmas/Tenerife return, £70 tourist excursion, £97 17s. ordinary tourist, £125 1s. first class. By sea: Southampton-Las Palmas by Union-Castle, £34-£88 single, according to ship and type of accommodation. Other regular shipping services from UK ports to the Canaries are operated by Royal Mail, Elder Dempster Lines, the Spanish Line, Fred Olsen Line (November to May,) Greek Line (October to April), etc.



The view from the parador at Cruz de Tejeda, 4,750 ft., on Grand Canary



A ship is towed in to berth at Las Palmas on Grand Canary



Lanzarote is almost devoid of water, and cultivation takes place at the bottom of hollows dug in the volcanic sand that conserve humidity. Walls of lava stone are a protection against Atlantic winds



CHANEL



THE BRIDE IN SATIN AND LACE

Miss Harriet Stonor wore a gown of white satin with pearl and diamanté appliqué and a veil of Brussels lace when she married Mr. Jonathan Julian Cotterell, son of Mr. L. E. Cotterell and of Mrs. N. Cotterell of Giles Farm, Stoke Road, Oxfordshire. She is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Sherman & Mrs. Stonor of Stonor Park, Oxfordshire, and the wedding was held at the chapel of the Blessed Trinity, Stonor Park, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire. A reception was held at the home of the bride, who was attended by four children. The honeymoon was spent on the Continent. More pictures by Patrick Lichfield overleaf.

The bride in satin and lace/continued

The Hon. Harry Lawson-Johnston, who was best man, and the Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor, mother of the bride



The Hon. Sherman Stonor and Sir Miles Thomas, the industrialist



Lady Rose Hare, half-sister of the bridegroom



Lady Elizabeth Anson



Mr. Robert Stonor, brother of the bride

Fresh thoughts on the new leader

By Muriel Bowen

WHEN Mr. EDWARD HEATH gets to 10 Downing Street people are going to wonder why there was all the fuss about his not having a wife. While not wishing in any way to belittle the considerable social graces of the ladies of Downing Street in recent years—and I have been entertained by most of them—it is probably quite true to say that the place can be run just as well by a first-class housekeeper. Choosing the food for parties? Well that is already very well done there by Government Hospitality, a body that comes under the wing of the Treasury.

Before the excitement of the Tory ballot the point was made in *The Times* that the issue was not simply the provision of a hostess for No. 10. Even so there was no letting the sentiment about Prime Ministers' hostesses die easily. Mr. Heath himself killed the idea in the end. It happened at his very first Press conference after the ballot when a determined woman journalist put the direct question: "Mr. Heath, in the event of your becoming Prime Minister, can you say whom your hostess at No. 10 will be?"

"Is that a proposition?" counter-queried Mr. Heath, exhibiting the lightning quick mind that was responsible for many worthwhile changes to the Finance Bill.

RULES OF DECORUM

The Press conference was uproarious. Some 60 photographers and 40 journalists crowded into a room about 30 ft. by 20. The photographers were mostly on platforms built of tubular bars. Every so often a camera fell down or a cameraman came crashing as one of his colleagues simply raised his elbows to take photographs.

The Tory chairman, Mr. EDWARD DU CANN, looked down gravely from the rostrum on the oddly assorted multitude and announced the few simple rules he proposed to follow in conducting the conference. Came another crash and this time a woman photographer had fallen from a ledge. She landed in an armchair.

WHEN TORIES RUN RIOT

The disturbances were not confined to Tory Central Office. They were even more noticeable at Albany—for 166 years, until last week, a quiet, undisturbed backwater of Piccadilly. There the doormen in their gold tasselled top hats and green velvet coats looked unspeakably alarmed at the presence of an embattled Press, further augmented by lorries of TV outside broadcast equipment, all besieging the front door. There was a Russians-at-the-Channel-ports look on their faces.

Mr. Heath moved into a set in Albany about two years ago. His move—much like his politics—was extremely thorough. A whole year passed before the colour schemes and the built-in furniture were judged exactly right. A woman might have thrown out the carpenters and the decorators in despair and put up with something less than the heart's desire, but not Mr. Heath. The story goes that he went to Denmark himself to select the drawing room chairs.

THE MUSIC NEXT DOOR

A grand piano dominates the Heath drawing room. The neighbours (even those who might have preferred Reggie Maudling) say that he plays it often and that it has a beautiful tone.

Mr. Heath has been represented as having a one track mind for politics—but people interest him just as much. Once returning from Yorkshire after a week-end session (9.15 a.m. to 11 p.m.) on one of his backroom groups, I remember him spending much of the time between Harrogate and London walking through the train, asking members of the group questions and thanking them for their work. He was very concerned about the fact that most of us were in a state of collapse after the way he had worked us.

A STAYING UP NIGHT

SIR ALEC & LADY DOUGLAS-HOME had a cocktail party at their flat at Roebuck House the evening before he announced that he was giving up the leadership of the Tory Party. The decision did not foreshadow the party, it had been arranged some weeks before.

The furniture was pushed back to make way for a large gathering since almost everybody invited had accepted. Mr. & Mrs. REGINALD MAUDLING were among the few who were not present as they had already arranged to go to the Bolshoi Ballet.

It was largely a political gathering with some outside friends. I met Mr. IAIN MACLEOD, M.P., & Mrs. MACLEOD, also Mr. DENIS THATCHER & Mrs. THATCHER, M.P.; SIR WILLIAM & LADY MCFADZEAN; and Mr. PHILIP GOODHART, M.P., & Mrs. GOODHART.

Lady Douglas-Home brought in a tiny grandchild in her arms and looked wonderfully happy as she showed her to the guests. The child's father, Mr. JAMES WOLFE MURRAY, looked on a thought disapprovingly. His wife was more stoical: "Mummy always brings the grandchildren into everything and there is nothing we can do about it."

... AND ANOTHER

Sir Alec took a succession of guests out on the balcony—daughter CAROLINE has made it safe for small children with plastic netting—and pointed out the various skyscrapers.

It has been bothering the Douglas-Homes for some time that lights have been seen late at night on the top floor of the otherwise blacked-out new Westminster City Hall. The culprit is, in fact, SIR CHARLES NORTON, the Mayor. His lights are the brighter because the committee responsible for net curtains for the Mayor's flat cut them out when the Socialist Opposition said they were not necessary!

Incidentally, contrary to popular reports, Mr. Heath isn't the first Tory leader to have wall-to-wall carpeting—whatever that may prove or disprove. Sir Alec has it too.

THE QUEEN VICTORIOUS

Try as it would, with leaden grey clouds constantly racing overhead, the weather could not spoil the charm of Goodwood. There is something about this race meeting in a fold of the Sussex Downs, a feeling of timelessness and space, that has vanished completely from some of our smarter race meetings.

For THE QUEEN it was a Goodwood to remember, with Apprentice winning the Goodwood Cup and Gold Aura the Goodwood

Stakes. Both horses are by her best racehorse ever, the tempestuous, and at times tiresome Aureole, now standing at Sandringham.

There was a moment of amusement in the unsaddling enclosure when jockey STAN CLAYTON said to the Queen and her trainer, CAPT. CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORD, "After that (the Goodwood Cup) I don't know who is more tired, Apprentice or myself." The Queen is now second from top of the winning owners' league.

GUESTS AT GOODWOOD

THE DUKE & DUCHESS OF RICHMOND & GORDON entertained the Queen and PRINCE PHILIP at Goodwood House. Also racing were the DUKE & DUCHESS OF NORFOLK and their daughter LADY SARAH FITZALAN-HOWARD, the popular international show jumper, who now has a racehorse of her own. Others I saw included Mr. & Mrs. GREVILLE BAYLIS; the EARL OF ROSEBERY; DR. & Mrs. LEONARD SIMPSON; LORD & LADY PORCHESTER; Mr. & Mrs. D. PRENN; SIR DEREK & LADY GILBEY; Mr. & Mrs. LEONARD CARVER; and Mr. & Mrs. FRANK MORE O'FERRALL. Many of those I met were staying at Brighton, where there is now an especially good social programme as well as interesting theatre during Goodwood Week.

It has been called Glorious Goodwood for generations. With its unspoiled charm, good racing, particularly good food, and concern for the comfort of racegoers, it could not deserve the appellation more.

A SKI-ING ROMANCE

Summer bride and bridegroom at Holy Trinity, Brompton, the former Miss PENELOPE SHEARME and Mr. NICHOLAS MOUNTAIN, are evading the worst rigours of an English August by honeymooning on the Riviera. He is an accomplished salmon fisherman and she is an eager pupil. They plan to go north to fish the Spey on their return from the south of France.

Since taking a law degree at Cambridge, Mr. Mountain has been in Eagle Star of which his father, LT. COL. SIR BRIAN MOUNTAIN, is chairman. He's an executive in the overseas section. Miss Shearme, whom he met ski-ing in St. Moritz last year, has had a most amusing job. She has been a guide, showing visiting foreigners over London and on conducted tours of stately homes.

After the wedding the reception at the Hyde Park went on and on to such an extent that there was at one point a procession of guests to the telephone booths to postpone their dinner arrangements. However the late reception allowed young working friends time to come who would not otherwise have been there. Pictures in next week's Tatler.

It was a wedding at which the pages had the time of their lives. At one point both the bride's mother Mrs. DOROTHY SHEARME, and the bridegroom's mother, LADY MOUNTAIN looked worried as one mite was missing. He was in fact under the buffet! Lady Mountain and her husband were off next morning to Deauville to holiday and to run a couple of horses.

Guests included Mr. OLIVER PARKER, Mr. THOMAS ROCHFORD, and Mrs. IRIS PARTRIDGE, all godparents of the bridegroom; Mrs. ANTHONY BURNEY, Mrs. WILLIAM WOOLLAM, and Mr. JOHN PITT, godparents of the bride; Mr. & Mrs. DANE DOUETIL; and Mr. & Mrs. DENIS MOUNTAIN.

Fire and water frolics

More than 800 guests attended the Ball held by the Bicester & Warden Hill Hunt at Marston House, Marston St. Lawrence, the home of Mr. & Mrs. John Sumner. The event was sub-titled "A Fox's Frolic" and among the attractions were flambeaux and fireworks, an oyster bar, swimming in a floodlit pool during the early hours and punting on the lake

Mr. & Mrs. Miles Gosling. He is a former Master of the Bicester & Warden Hill Hunt



Mr. & Mrs. John Sumner, the host and hostess



Mr. Paul Nix, Miss Claire Stewart, Miss Anne Seel and Baron Jacques de Rosée punting in the early hours of the morning. The drifting smoke is from flambeaux that were used to illuminate the gardens



Mr. & Mrs. Teddy Hall. He is a scientist and devised the electronic firing system for the firework display

Mrs. Patricia Obolensky, Major David Satow, Mrs. Brian Fanshawe, wife of the Master of the Warwickshire Hunt, and Mr. John Webber, the amateur jockey



Mr. & Mrs. Robin Fleming



Miss Gwynneth Tighe and Prince Yurka Galitzine



Brigadier & Mrs. M. C. Willes at the candlelit bar

The boats change course

The 1965 Senior Service International Offshore Powerboat Race, the most ambitious of its kind to be organized by the Royal Motor Yacht Club, took place over an altered course between Poole and Christchurch Ledge after bad weather had caused the cancellation of the Poole-Cherbourg-Poole run. Nevertheless the strong winds and heavy seas cut the field of 18 starters down to nine. Overall winner was Mr. S. C. Macey in Spirit of Ecstasy with Mr. G. C. Terry second in Sea Plough



Left: Mr. H. F. Gillham at the stern of Corsair while mechanics check his boat. Below left: Mr. G. C. Terry, owner-driver of Sea Plough, checks his course with co-driver Mr. W. B. de Quincey. Below: Col. & Mrs. D. A. F. Home outside the RMYC clubhouse. He is the Commodore of the Royal Motor Yacht Club who organized the race





Left: Miss Merinda Cundy at the controls of Blue Rain. Her co-driver was Mr. Peter Cox. Below left: Mr. L. S. Norman and co-driver Mr. H. Ramseyer in Mr. N. G. Ramseyer's Peggy Jane. Below centre: Mr. Tom Sopwith in Thunderstreak, owned by Mr. Dick Wilkins. Below: Mrs. Peter Twiss, whose husband was driving Mr. C. H. Chichester Smith's Fairey Huntsman



One hundred years on

This year's Speech Day marked Cranleigh School's centenary and an open air service was held on South Field at which the Bishop of Dorchester gave the sermon. Lord Brain, an old Millhillian, presented the prizes and

gave an address to the school and parents in a giant marquee set up on the lawns in front of the school. The celebrations also included athletics, exhibitions of school work, a centenary film, and divertissements in the Speech Hall

The Headmaster of Cranleigh, Mr. D. A. Ems, and the Bishop of Dorchester, The Rt. Rev. D. G. Loveday, after the open air service



Mrs. D. A. Ems, wife of the Headmaster, presents the cup for the tug-of-war to David Mellor, of 2 and 3 South



Mr. C. G. Windle, chairman of the governing body of Cranleigh, and Lord Brain, the physician, who presented the school prizes

Letter from Scotland

by Jessie Palmer

Mr. & Mrs. James H. A. Hughes with their son Simon in front of the original school building. Mr. Hughes is an Old Cranleighian and had another son at the school. Simon is at Christ College, Brecon



Lord Tangley, chairman of the Corporation of Cranleigh and Bramley Schools, looks through the 6-inch Newtonian reflecting telescope constructed at Cranleigh

The Lochearnhead Games are now very much an established part of the Perthshire summer scene. They began originally about 1930 and, after a wartime break, were restarted in 1949 by Mr. Ewen Cameron, of Lochearnhead, a former Scottish champion of field events. "They're very authentic games," Mr. Cameron told me proudly. And about 4,000 people must agree with him for they come from all over Scotland and abroad either to spectate or to take part in the piping, dancing, tossing the caber, putting the shot and so on.

One American gentleman came so eager to compete in the piping events that he forgot to bring his pipes—but somebody lent him a set and he skirled away happily if not very successfully. Neck and neck in the field events, as they have been for the past three years, were Arthur Rowe of Barnsley and William Anderson of Aberdeen. They will have a chance to compete for the title of Champion of Scotland at the Crieff Highland Gathering on 21 August.

The games have, within the last few years, developed into a Clan Gregor Gathering as well, so it was fortunate that the Chief of the Clan, Major Sir Gregor Macgregor of Macgregor, had arrived back from service in the East just in time for the Games and Gathering.

PARTY IN THE SUN

It has been a very brave thing to plan an outside party this summer but Colonel & Mrs. Lachlan Gordon-Duff, of Whitehouse of Park, Banffshire, found their courage fully justified when they held a late afternoon party in the grounds of their home on what was almost the one perfect day of a very imperfect summer.

The party was in honour of Mrs. Gordon-Duff's father and stepmother, Admiral Sir Gordon & Lady Ramsey, who have been over on a visit from Greenwich, Connecticut, U.S.A. Sir Gordon Ramsey, though he has lived in America for the last 20 years, hails originally from Banffshire, and he thoroughly enjoyed renewing his acquaintance with many of his old friends.

The guests, over 70 of them, didn't see the lovely garden at its best—what garden has been at its best this summer?—but they were able to admire Colonel Gordon-Duff's latest addi-

tion to the landscape, a water garden. Among those present were Colonel Gordon-Duff's brother, the Lord Lieutenant of Banffshire, Colonel T. R. Gordon-Duff & Mrs. Gordon-Duff; the Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, Sir Ian Forbes-Leith of Fyvie, and Lady Forbes-Leith; Earl & Countess Cawdor; Sir Ewan McPherson Grant & Lady McPherson Grant; Sir Francis & Lady Grant of Monymusk; Eleanor Lady Abercromby, Sir Robert & Lady Abercromby; Captain & Mrs. Hay of Hayfield; Miss Joan Wright; and Lt. Colonel & Mrs. James M. Humphrey. (Incidentally, Colonel Humphrey who is the hard working chairman of the Aboyne Ball Committee tells me that plans are already well under way for this year's ball which is to be held on 10 September.)

About 10 days later the Gordon-Duffs gave another happy party just prior to the departure of Sir Gordon and Lady Ramsey. This time it was to mark the coming of age of Mrs. Gordon-Duff's younger son, Mr. Dudley de Chair.

ENGAGEMENT IN GREECE

Miss Anne Grant, daughter of the late Sir Arthur Grant of Monymusk, and of Lady Tweedsmuir, M.P., of Potterton House, Balmiedie, Aberdeenshire, has announced her engagement to Greek businessman Mr. Nicolas Mangriotis, son of the late Mr. Paraskevas Mangriotis, and of Mrs. I. Vafeadou, Athens.

Miss Grant was over in Britain recently but has now returned to her work with the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development in Greece. Her mother tells me that the wedding is likely to be about the middle of October, either in Athens or in Paris. "But there is nothing firm yet," she said.

Miss Grant, who is a graduate of Oxford University and worked on the staff of *The Economist* for three years, came to her present job—working on educational development—three years ago, she when won a fellowship with O.E.C.D. She travels all over Greece and intends to keep on working after her marriage. "She learned classical Greek at university," Lady Tweedsmuir said. "However, her fiancé tells me she now speaks pretty good popular Greek."



A JOLLY GOOD CHAP

Edmundo Ros has never been explosive. Quietly, almost diffidently, the subdued, sinuous charm of his Latin American music has etched itself into the background of listening. The fascinating harmonies, the textural colour of unfamiliar percussive instruments and occasionally his own thick, gravel voice gently probing a lyric have been around now for a quarter of a century.

The birthday of his orchestra was on August 8. It was 1940, the war was getting dense over London and Edmundo Ros and his Cuban Boys made their début at the Old Cosmo in Soho. Also on the bill were Lind Joyce and Kay Kendall. This first engagement did not last long.

Edmundo explains: "The club had been requisitioned as an air raid shelter and so of course people came in when the warnings went. They thought how marvellous it was that the shelters in London were so well-equipped with food and a floor show. Of course, the club had to close." But the band played on. "I was very pleased. Not only was I doing something that I enjoyed, but also something everyone else enjoyed." Edmundo Ros had come to England in June of 1937 from his native Venezuela to study music at the Royal Academy. He sees nothing strange in this academic background leading to his own particular type of musical career: "Basically music is all the same; a knowledge of harmony, of composition and general theory is relevant whatever you do." And he has done much from composing and arranging to allowing his orchestra to be used to test new recording techniques.

After the war he began to make his name, mainly at the Bagatelle, and he speaks of world tours, of an attack of "noives" when he found himself asking the nearest dancer for a request number and the nearest dancer turned out to be Princess Elizabeth. In 1949 he decided to take on his own club and acquired what is now the Edmundo Ros Club in Regent Street.

"The first six years were very difficult," he recalls, "we kept changing the name and trying hard, but it wasn't until I was taken up by the B.B.C. that we really got off the ground." The orchestra continues to make regular broadcasts from the club, which shares with the Albert Hall the benefit of having broadcasting facilities on the premises. Edmundo is quite frank in his gratitude to the B.B.C.

The difficulties he experienced in getting his own club started possibly stem from his own particular character. He is an idealist and has high standards of behaviour. Because he maintains these standards himself he expects others to do so as well.

"A club must have girls," he says, "it is an economic fact. You cannot expect parties of men to come in if there is no one for them to dance with. But I hate the word hostess and its implications. My girls are called dancing partners—which is what they are—I pay them a set wage and insist on their being called *Miss Jones* or *Miss Brown*, not some first-name only." Because he gives loyalty himself he expects it from his staff and was rather shocked when an instrumentalist, in work, offered to leave his current job to join Edmundo for a tour. "He said he would come at once. I wouldn't do that to anyone and wouldn't want

anyone to do that to me."

Edmundo also believes in the knowledge of the expert and the delegation of authority to him. If the chef says the avocado pears are not ready to eat, then this must be accepted. "I want visitors to remember what they have eaten here," he says. "Night club food is notoriously poor and I have tried to make mine memorable for the right reason." His kitchens are frequently used as an example of excellence.

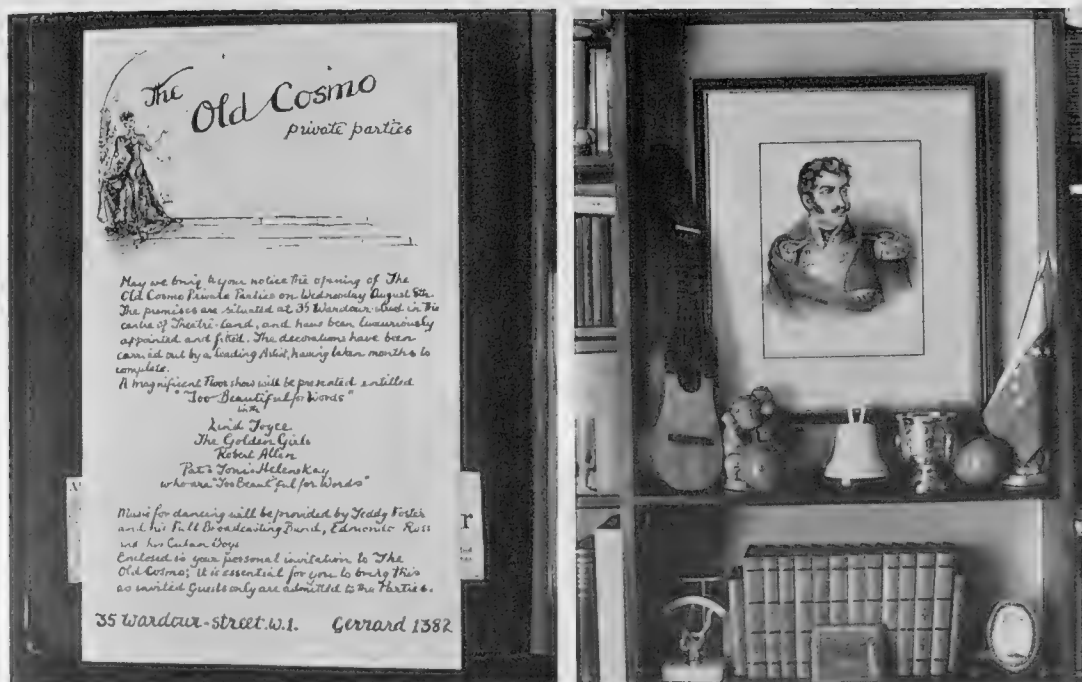
But the club cannot be left for even the shortest time: every evening Edmundo is there, a huge, rather gloomy figure sitting at a raised table at the back of the room, watching everything. Now and then he will move round to stand in a corner of the stage and sing for a while. He never leaves the club until the last guests have gone and never gets to bed until the smallest hours of the morning.

Consequently he finds he can spend too little time at his splendid house in Mill Hill village. It is a large, lavish house that would be just as appropriate off Sunset Boulevard as off the North Circular. Outside there are wide, neat lawns, a fountain, a flagpole ("To run up the colours of whatever country my guests come from") and room enough for a swimming pool. Everything from the fountain to the willow tree, from the flagpole to the rose bushes can be floodlit at the touch of a switch. Inside are marble floors, a superbly-equipped kitchen, built-in stereophony, a projection room for home movies; colour, pattern, portraits, plants.

But it is an empty, lonely house. It was built for Edmundo's wife Britt (it is called Edritt House), together they planned it and supervised its construction. Their initials are entwined in blue and gold on the door handles. But just over two years ago there was a divorce: "I spent too much time at the club," Edmundo explained sadly, "and she didn't like the place much. I tried to bring as much entertainment here as possible, and have parties on the terrace, but it didn't work." He moves quietly about the big house: over the staircase is a large oil portrait of his wife, beneath it trailing house plants are turning yellow: "We spent a long time training the plants . . . but there is no one to look after them now."

Edmundo's two children are away at school. Douglas is 13 and Luisa is nine. "It has been a little difficult during school holidays, but of course they are growing up fast now and each year get more responsible. And now I find that I can talk to them." To encourage Douglas to take an interest in music, but without being autocratic about it, Edmundo bought him a piano more or less as a toy: "He will not play when I'm around, but I do hear he plays for other people. His main interest is electronics at the moment."

An enthusiastic Anglophile who confesses he'd rather be run over by a Rolls than a Mini, Edmundo Ros looks back over the past 25 years from a position many might envy. "But I didn't see myself like this when I started," he says. "I have made a number of mistakes, mainly personal ones. Now I think I would like to retire, but really"—he spread out his large hands, "what would I do?" When asked how he would like to think of himself described he replied: "Oh, a jolly good chap, I think"—which is just about correct.



Top left: the programme for Edmondo Ros's first appearance with his Cuban Boys in 1940 is in his bulging cuttings-book. Top right: behind his desk in a quiet study, one wall of which is devoted to record-player and cupboards of records, is a portrait of Simon Bolivar, the Venezuelan flag and the silver door-plate from his dressing room when he appeared at the London Palladium. Centre: in the large, sunken lounge of his house are souvenirs of travel, splashes of Latin colour. Left: the number plate of his Bentley. "My middle name is William," he says, "I could hardly have had E.R.1 could I?"



by Pamela Vandyke Price **have
your friends
in for
a tasting**

Giving a wine tasting is a form of entertaining that combines the maximum pleasure for the guests with the minimum amount of trouble for the host and hostess. You can invite as many as to a cocktail party, the drinks are simpler and different and, as the main topic of conversation is the wine, nobody risks being edged out of personal conversations carried on between or about strangers, or being plucked by an over-conscientious hostess from the first interesting encounter of the evening and shunted to another set of characters all equally put out at having someone else foisted on them. Wine tastings—the social, rather than the professional sort, in which one drinks for enjoyment instead of spitting for serious commercial appraisal—run themselves from the time you draw the corks.

Indeed, the simpler the tasting, the more enjoyable it will probably be. If you offer a couple of dozen different wines, some sparkling and others fortified, people will either concentrate on a few and leave latecomers with the unknown and unpreferred, or else, if they try all, will leave the party with decidedly curdled sensations. Therefore it is usually best if the wines are either all within the same range of price and type or, if something different is to be offered as well, then it should be an obvious outsider. For example, at the beginning or the end of the selection for tasting.

But a unifying theme is important, as with any good party. For instance, table wines from a favourite holiday region might be chosen with a glass of the local apéritif at the start and one of a slightly sweet sparkling or dessert wine at the end; if you were going to show three white and three red Italian wines, for example, the first bottle on the tasting table might be vermouth and the last Asti Spumante or Marsala. Personally, I do not think it is ever a good idea to have too many different bottles as, if people want to remember their personal preferences clearly, they have difficulty in sorting out more than eight or ten table wines—though the semi-serious sherry party might be varied by offering a selection of six or eight different (dry and medium) sherries. More than five or six ports or Madeiras can be a little overwhelming.

A very superior sort of party would be a tasting of Champagnes and other sparkling wines. I recently gave a tasting of 13 different medium-priced Rieslings from all over the world, and it is a simple matter to select a scale of wines from Australia, South Africa, and also from Greece, Hungary and Austria—to indicate some of the lesser known wine countries now sending us good bottles. This also gives all kinds of opportunities for using maps, posters and holiday souvenirs by way

of décor. But if you narrow the range to, say, claret or Moselle, then I would include at least one other sort of wine—a white Bordeaux in the first instance and perhaps a sparkling Moselle in the second, for the benefit of guests who don't care for the principal sort of wine. (I know how I feel when all the cocktails at a party are based on gin.)

The arrangement of a tasting is really important. Give people a glass when they arrive and tell them to keep it—too many glasses invite accidents. If you have candles in bottles, keep them well away from people reaching across the tables, and out of the range of hair or hats. Even if there is an official pourer for each bottle, people tend to help themselves, and spills can occur, so plenty of room between the bottles minimizes jostling. Rather than risk stains and stickiness on your ancestral damask or French polish, I advise a table covering that can either be boiled or wiped clean. Even though you needn't provide spittoons, it's thoughtful to have a few large empty bottles—magnums for preference—fitted with funnels for taking any drainings and, however informal the tasting, it is also a good idea to give guests a wine list so they can make notes. If you don't want to be bothered with individual lists, have a clearly written or typed card stuck on the table in front of each bottle—if you don't pin or tape it down, someone will be *sure* to take it away. And it is best to have a definite order in which you want guests to taste the wines, even if later they merely pick from bottles they have liked.

If you don't make this sort of arrangement, you may find that supplies of one wine suddenly vanish and, most important, if you let people taste a sweet wine immediately before a dry one, or a fairly old wine before a young one, the second will suffer by comparison. It is best, if you have a range of different wines, to keep to the meal time rule: dry before sweet, young before old, white before red (with the obvious exception of apéritif wines), lightish before full-bodied and “everyday” before fine wines.

For example, a tasting of Loire wines would make an enjoyable selection: the light very dry Muscadet before a Pouilly Blanc Fumé or Sancerre. But if you were showing the Gros Plant of the Muscadet region as well, then this should come first, as otherwise the delightful character of Muscadet would make this appear a bit of a “poor relation”. Then you could go on to the red wines of Chinon and Boureuil, with a sweet white Côteaux du Layon or Quart de Chaume to conclude. You could offer guests a glass of sparkling Vouvray on their arrival, and perhaps a glass of Cointreau at the end.

A wine merchant will be glad to help you with all the arrangements; he will not only

suggest wines and arrange for them to be on a “sale or return” basis, which means that you don't pay for what you don't open, but will hire out glasses and, often, ice buckets for the white and rosé wines, provide maps and information leaflets (the tourist boards of different countries often have good wine maps, as well as posters), and suggest the order of tasting. Some merchants can even supply staff to open bottles and pour, but in any event you should be sure of having several spare corkscrews or bottle openers of your own, more glasses than you think you need (stemmed goblets and *not* your finest crystal), several clean napkins and, if white or rosé wines are in the tasting, a good supply of ice. If supplies of the first or last wine are limited, have reliable friends posted to see that guests only have one glass of each until all have arrived. Allow two-thirds to a bottle per head, less with fortified wines.

The fact of canapés definitely not going with wine tasting is another joy of this type of party; plain biscuits, bread and chunks of cheese are all that need be supplied on tasting tables. This is the supreme occasion for providing other food that is good but above all plain—you'll not have anything left over, either. It is fun to pair national or regional cheeses with wines and, if you are offering a buffet, which ought to have a table to itself and not be mixed up with bottles, then other foods can match up too: pizza with Italian wines; fresh sardines for a Portuguese tasting; or, with the Loire tasting described earlier, you might have a selection of shellfish (shrimps, winkles and cockles, if not oysters and mussels)—to go with the Muscadet—and salmon for the wines from higher up the river. Remember that the strong and blue cheeses may be a bit powerful for a selection of delicate white wines or rosés, so choose the creamy, milder ones.

Food can, however, be a tasting in itself. I once had a most successful party at which we compared notes on several kinds of bread and six sorts of butter as well as quaffing claret; and a comparative sampling of different kinds of asparagus from four different countries, with the dry white Loire wines, was as interesting as it was delicious. I should like to try a selection of first-rate eating apples—but the wines would have to be specially fine on that occasion, for the wine trade have a saying “Buy on apples, sell on cheese.” An apple sharpens the palate to a highly critical pitch. A range of pâtés is a most acceptable alternative to cheeses at a tasting and a very distinguished branch of the Wine and Food Society is reported actually to have had tastings of *foie gras* and caviare. The only thing to worry about, really, is that the food should be as natural, good and easy to enjoy as the wines.

ESCAPE ROUTES OFF M4

Photographs by John Timbers

Motorways are a means to an end. Among the things they discourage are looking at scenery, changing your mind, chatting to people leaning over gates and having a picnic. They encourage getting from London to Birmingham, Rochester or Maidenhead in the shortest time and on the straightest line. But the M.4 offers a bonus not immediately obvious. It makes the delights of the Thames Valley almost instantly available to the pleasure motorist stranded in the centre of London and panting for an evening in the depths of the country.

Whereas the driver still has to spend nearly an hour fighting his way through north London even to touch the M.1, the South Wales motorway gets off the ground just by Chiswick.

Gets off the ground literally too, for the first few miles ride high on a fly-over and one drives spectacularly over rooftops and among steeples and towers.

At the moment the motorway ends just outside Henley: from that point to Knightsbridge takes exactly 35 minutes of easy driving. Windsor is as easy to reach from Chelsea as the City, and dinner by the river or a day of boating are no longer spoiled by the thought of a hefty drive back.



ESCAPE TO AN ISLAND

Monkey Island is perhaps the most famous of many small, grassy islands that dot the Thames and its backwaters. Formerly owned by the Duke of Marlborough it has two pavilions, once used as summerhouses. In one of the rooms the ceiling is decorated with paintings of monkeys, though the actual name is a corruption of Monk's Eyot. The M.4 pounds across the river near the island (above) which offers the attractions of easeful gardens (right) to its hotel



ESCAPE TO THE THEATRE

The Theatre Royal Windsor (left), recently re-opened after extensive alterations and redecoration by Carl Toms, suggests with its rose silk walls, white and gilt paint, a return to Regency elegance. John Counsell started a repertory company there with his wife, actress Mary Kerridge, in 1938 and over the years has maintained a high standard of plays and attracted the regular patronage of the Royal Family. Sometimes one can catch the entire Counsell family on stage. Current presentation is Emlyn Williams' Night Must Fall which has just started a two-week run. A year ago the Theatre Royal Windsor Trust was established to assist the theatre in its new programme to encourage new writers and promising actors. £50,000 was given by Rediffusion Television to launch the project



ESCAPE TO A COUNTRY CHURCH

There are many well-kept churches nestling by the river. The close presence of the motorway simply adds to the sense of peace in these corners and a visit to any one would make a refreshing change for Evensong. The church (left) is St. Mary the Virgin at Hurley. Later in the evening there are pleasant walks by the locks and among the timbered houses of the village



ESCAPE TO A COOL PINT

Pubs are things that the Thames Valley is not short of. They range from the splendidly efficient houses with a reputation for food like the Riverside at Bray or the Compleat Angler at Marlow to friendly locals. This bar is at the Angel Hotel at Henley, coming somewhere in between the two extremes: the bar has the feeling of a local, but good, unpretentious meals are served. Its commanding riverside position, hard by the bridge, make the pub popular with river-users



ESCAPE TO TRANQUILLITY

From the noise and speed of the M.4 to the rural peace of backwaters such as this is a matter of moments. People who love messing about in boats, or who want to hire motor cruisers for holidays on the water, are extensively catered for, but for the day or evening visitor it is possible to leave the car (in a proper park of which there are a number, as the roads are sometimes narrow) and just walk. Signs can be confusing, as on this stretch (right) where the Private notice seems to contradict flatly the Public footpath indication. The picnic party (opposite page, top) are at Medmenham, just a little farther on than Hurley and quite near the celebrated Dog and Badger. The river here is pleasantly wide, with wooded banks.





ESCAPE TO LONDON AIRPORT

Not so much an escape, this trip, perhaps; but a good idea for ending a night on the town is to drive out to the airport for breakfast. This is the Aerogrill (above) in Number 3 building (Oceanic) where one can eat a hearty meal at 7 a.m. alongside tanned air hostesses and pilots, listening to flights arriving from far-away places—not those boring European resorts, but places with a bit of excitement like Honolulu, San Francisco and Australia.



ESCAPE TO A VILLAGE

Of the many villages that pursue a tranquil, unbusy life, Cookham is one of the most interesting. It has a number of excellent pubs, the Stanley Spencer gallery where that semi-mystic painter's canvases hang, and one of those English delights that confound prejudiced foreigners, a tiny restaurant (left) where the food is fresh and cooked specially for you. Cliveden House, a National Trust property open two days a week, is just over the river and easily accessible.

JUST ADD WATER

Fashion by Unity Barnes

Raincoats have suddenly become totally uninhibited, loudly singing their own praises in brightly coloured PVC and shiny oilskin; buckled, buttoned and zipped with brass; quilted and snugly lined for cheering warmth. The more it rains, the better they like it and the better they look. Photographs by Dmitri Kasterine.



Above: Country-loving jacket in Stoffel's string coloured Aquaperl proofed poplin, lined in Tattersall checks, with a low stitched-on belt, brass buckled. By Morcosia, 9 gns. at Derry & Toms. Checked tweed trousers in brown and beige by Waldman, 6 gns. at Fenwick; The Little Shop, Cookham

Right: All-weather golfing jacket and wrapped skirt in olive and putty checked tweed and putty showerproofed poplin, both completely reversible. By Baracuta, 13 gns. at Simpsons. Putty lambswool sweater by Munrospun, £3 16s. 6d. at Hupperts, Regent Street. Checked tweed pork-pie hat, 3 gns. from Herbert Johnson.

All Wellington boots by Dunlop at D. H. Evans



JUST ADD WATER



Above: White PVC intersected by navy flannel; flat brass buttons. By V de V of Paris, coat 29 gns., trousers; 12½ gns. at Maxine Leighton Boutique, Hampstead. White stitched PVC hat £2 19s. 6d. at Herbert Johnson.

Right: Chocolate art nouveau print on white PVC: jacket with curving revers, no collar, over white PVC trousers. By Hilary Floyd, 13 gns. at Spice No. 1, Kinnerton Street, S.W.1. Student's cap by Edward Mann, £1 7s. 6d. at Aqua Sprite, Cale Street, S.W.3.



JUST ADD WATER



Above: Poplin coat lined with thick fleece, all in palest blue, zipped right up through its high, rolled collar; the pull-down cap goes with it. By Torella of Sweden, 21 gns. at Chic, Hampstead; Aida Ashe, Giffnock; Books, Sunderland

Right: Quilted poplin coat in navy blue, closely fastened off-centre by a big, brassy zipp. By Alligator, 9 gns. at Gamages; Lewis's, Manchester and Leeds. Yellow proofed hat, £2 15s. at Herbert Johnson



JUST ADD WATER



Above: Workmanlike rubberized coat and sou'wester, brass-buttoned and sleek as a wet seal. By Baracuta, £6 19s. 6d. at Aqua Sprite, Cale Street, S.W.3

Right: Pillarbox red PVC coat, its thong belt slotted through brass eyelets; red sou'wester. By Alligator, coat £6 19s. 6d., sou'wester 1 gn., at Dickins & Jones; Garlands, Norwich; Colsons, Exeter





METAMORPHOSIS

By David Castell

The Institution in Floral Street was scarcely an estate agent's dream. Apart from the gibbet in the first floor back, the walled up staircases and the adjoining warehouse's banana kilns in the basement, a 40-year-deep film of dust had made pit traps of the missing floorboards.

The visionaries who elected this the site for a dance centre were 30-year-old actor-dancer Gary Cockrell and his 21-year-old assistant Valerie Hyman. The transformation cost them over £6,000 and a year of working every day, often from 5.30 a.m. to midnight. Now the Dance Centre (appropriately in the shadow of Covent Garden: Fonteyn and Nureyev plan to rehearse there in the autumn) has six mirrored studios, showers, changing rooms, a canteen and a library. Classes began last week though, for a preliminary period, some studios will be rented out as rehearsal rooms until the Centre can build up a 12-hour teaching timetable with a rota of 35 instructors.

The Centre mushroomed from a small idea and an even smaller capital. Gary, who was born in Missouri and studied jazz dance

in New York, came to England dancing the part of Diesel in the show *West Side Story* from which he was released to play the dramatic lead in Tony Richardson's production of *Orpheus Descending*.

Stage and film roles (he has just completed *The Bedford Incident* with Richard Widmark) left little time for dancing, so Gary began to teach privately. "Professionals would come to my classes and we would work out jazz dance routines. Later I would see them on television, but not done properly. I thought, if it's my routine why shouldn't I get the credit for it?" So he emerged as a choreographer forming a group called the Katy-Dids with the idea that they should go on tour with pop shows to establish a closer identification between the pop music and its interpretation in dance. The group was renamed the Beat Girls when they won a residency in BBC-2's *The Beat Room* and now Gary choreographs ABC-TV's *Lucky Stars Summer Spin*, BBC-2's *Gadzooks!* and will be working on a new BBC Margaret Dale programme, *Zodiac*, at the end of the year. One of his routines from *Gadzooks!* (danced to *The House of the Rising Sun*) will be shown at the Salzburg television festival this month as an example of the new choreography.

American musicals like *Oklahoma!* had introduced a new form of jazz dance to Britain, but the English choruses were required to follow the original choreographer's steps without having learned the basic principles of the dance. Finding they could not create new steps of their own, they recognized the deficiency, but there was no qualified instruction available in this country.

When they decided to give classes, Valerie looked around for a small studio and found the building in Floral Street (known locally as The Institution). The landlord was so surprised to find he owned it that he gave them the basement as a bonus and they have since taken on two floors of the adjacent building—a total of nearly 9,000 square feet.

Valerie's interest in dancing springs from a childhood passion for the ballet and, after studying at the Hornsey College of Art, working as a dress designer in pop show-business and learning from young people their differing attitudes to music and dancing. She got permission from Paul McCartney and John Lennon to use their music in a Beatle ballet she had devised, but the Western Theatre Ballet opened with *Mods and Rockers* before she and Gary could set theirs up.

To the world of architects and property conversion she was a complete newcomer. "People kept coming up to me and saying: 'What about your secondary means of escape?' or: 'Where's your 20-ton steel beam?' That steel beam alone cost us £800, half the amount we originally expected the whole project to cost!" But the obstacles were surmounted and the original plan expanded to include every kind of dancing on an open scheme whereby anybody can walk in, put down 6s. for a lesson and never attend again if they don't want to.

"We have had advice from nearly every authority in the dance world," says Valerie. "They've all said that it's just what is needed—a dance centre that really is in the centre of London and will teach all kinds of dancing at all levels."

Gary himself will take some of the classes until a regular teaching pattern is established. Then he hopes to be able to devote more time to his acting career again. "We will teach as wide a dance vocabulary as we can, and not be influenced by any one teacher."





IN DANCE

Above: Gary Cockrell rehearses his Lucky Stars dancers. Below: Gary, Valerie Hyman, dancer Diane South and secretary Nicolette Amette in the Dance Centre office. Below left: Dancers Diane South and Sasha Davis

from the Lucky Stars company. Opposite page, below: Gary in the bell tower that tops the building's three storeys. Opposite page top: Valerie checks progress during the early stages of the company's development project



on plays

John Salt/Another large helping

It can be said of Bertolt Brecht without inviting controversy that he was a fast man with a written word, and that his literary output was impressive. There is, in fact, a great deal of Brecht from which to choose, and we in London over the past ten years have been privileged, or condemned—depending on your point of view—to see the bulk of it.

The latest Large Helping from the mass of essential Brecht is *Squire Puntila and His Servant Matti* in the Royal Shakespeare Company's production at the Aldwych Theatre. The play is Brecht's only published comedy and differs from the 1940 version which he wrote in collaboration with the Finnish authoress Hella Wuolijoki, with whom he stayed in Finland while awaiting his American visa. Brecht re-cast the play in America the following year, strengthening its political and sociological comments, but it did not achieve a stage production until seven years later in Zurich. The play by now had become far more Brecht than Wuolijoki, as the lady herself generously allowed, but I wonder if either of them had ever seen Chaplin's film *City Lights* when they began their collaboration. Given that *Puntila* is set in pastoral Finland and *City Lights* in the urban U.S.A. around the same period—the 1920s—the story line is dangerously similar.

Basically it concerns the convivial effect of alcohol on the human system, notably on that of a tycoon, who when sober is hard-fisted, hard-faced and rapacious—the epitome of Brecht's hated boss class—and when drunk, a roaring lover-boy with an urge to marry all the girls and scatter guineas broadcast among the masses.

Chaplin in the film is the bemused recipient of alternate kicks and caresses. In *Puntila* the servant-chauffeur Matti endures the same situation. The difference between the play and the film is that *City Lights* is quietly, engagingly and sometimes savagely funny, because enlivened by the genius of Chaplin at his apogee. But *Puntila*, though at times savage, is never funny. The fault here is not that of the energetic Mr. Roy Dotrice who plays Puntila, nor that of Mr. Patrick Magee as Matti. Both men work very hard with the

material they have been given. It is the material itself that lacks heart, a shoddy cloth that will wrench and unravel under strain. The pity of this is that *Puntila* has got to be played under strain; the actors must do this to get the thing over at all.

On the one hand are the jolly laughing peasants. Jolly and laughing, that is, while Puntila is drunk. On the other is the boss class, violent, sottish, shallow and cowardly, as represented by Puntila himself, his flapper daughter, the Foreign Office fop to whom she will be married off, and the swinish, hiccupping lawyer.

Virtue is represented by Matti, but it is a soured and cross-grained virtue. He is no more Sancho Panza than Puntila is Quixote. His moral probity has been tried too often for any good it now may do, and he has become a time-server with one eye firmly fixed on the main chance. Such men are not endearing even when they represent the Socialistic virtues of solidarity and loyalty to class. The capitalists, after all, share similar tenets. This I think is the main flaw of the play. One has to like people in order to laugh with them; one does not like the characters in *Puntila*, and worse, one does not believe in them.

It may be that the odd failure to project the whole man which I detect in all of Brecht's plays is due to the fact that he himself had reservations about the human race. By the time he was through castigating the tycoon, the rentier and the bourgeois it became necessary for dramatic purposes to build up the nobility of character of the exploited masses. The trouble with this was that the masses were not by any means all noble and that after a time it showed. I suspect Brecht knew it showed and that he became impatient of the very victims in whose cause he was crusading.

But finally the test of Brecht is one of endurance. He was a man of his time who wrote for his time, but as an oft-hailed major artist his work should also endure outside and beyond that time. Sadly I do not believe that it does.

Pat Wallace has been on holiday, she will resume her regular play notice in next week's issue.



PHOTOGRAPH: MORRIS NEWCOMBE

From left, Susan Engel as Manda, Jeanette Landis as Lisu and Patience Collier as Emma, are members of the Association of Puntila's fiancées in the Brecht play at the Aldwych Theatre, reviewed here

on films

Elspeth Grant/The Beatles need help

Richard Lester, the director of *Help!* (U), was recently quoted as wondering whether he had done right by the Beatles in this, their second film. I must say I think he did righter by them in *A Hard Day's Night*, which he also directed. There they were very much themselves: we saw them on stage and in the recording studio, we watched them larking in hotel rooms, dodging their fans, cheeking the Press, and (in a delightful sequence shot from above) gambolling in a field like kids just out of school—and we recognized them as undoubted personalities, admirably professional in performance and agreeably at ease in one another's company.

Once again the dear boys appear as themselves but they have been obscured and diminished—not so much by fancy, fuzzy, out of focus close ups and the trick photography that makes a Tom Thumb of Paul McCartney, as by Mr. Lester's over-indulging his undeniable genius for thinking up hilarious gags. There are literally scores of them, some positively brilliant, and they

come at one with such noise and speed that the effect is quite stunning: it's all so desperately *busy* that—as one rarely has time to get a real laugh off one's chest—one ends up frustrated and exhausted.

It doesn't help the Beatles much, as personalities, that their seven songs (six by Lennon and McCartney, one by George Harrison) are sung in very odd settings—on a snow-covered Alpine slope, a beach in the Bahamas, and Salisbury Plain, for instance—always with any amount of distracting activity going on in the background. Well might they cry "Help!", the poor things: they are far too talented to be reduced to figures in a landscape.

The screenplay, by Marc Behm and Charles Wood, is a jolly nonsense designed to keep everybody in the movie on the move. A ring essential to the ritual of human sacrifice is missing from an Eastern temple and High Priest Clang (excellent Leo McKern) learns that Ringo Starr, in London, is wearing it: how come, I'm not quite clear. Clang, accompanied by a priestess (luscious

Eleanor Bron) and hordes of members of his sect, sets off to retrieve the jewel and/or ritually sacrifice Ringo.

All for one, one for all—the Beatles take off for foreign parts after a number of attempts (each heralded by a cute but unnecessary caption) have been made on Ringo's life and/or the ring-clad digit (which he's loth to lose as it comes in handy even when he's just playing the tambourine). From here on it's a chase—the Beatles flying hither and yon, East and West (with a pause for breath at Buckingham Palace, in the inviolability of which Royal residence their confidence is misplaced), everywhere pursued by Clang and his gang in a variety of disguises, two power crazy scientists (Victor Spinetti and Roy Kinnear), and a batch of fairly incompetent gentlemen (led by Patrick Cargill) from Scotland Yard.

The film really is frantically funny and Mr. Lester, as just about our most ingenious director, must be encouraged—loving *The Knack*, I look forward to his next effort—but I think he needs a firmer producer and a sterner editor than he has here, to curb his exuberance. Still, by all means see *Help!*—even if it leaves you panting. It may not do full justice to the Beatles' astringent asides but doubtless their fans will be delighted to see how sweet the boys look in Eastman Colour.

J. Lee Thompson's **John Goldfarb, Please Come Home** (A) is a fairly deafening and, I thought, uninspired Hollywood comedy in which Peter Ustinov gives an outrageously ham

performance as the one-eyed (why one-eyed?) despotic ruler of an Arab State. Goldfarb (Richard Crenna), an American flier who has landed there by mistake, is given the job of teaching Mr. Ustinov's innumerable sons to play football: he has a tough time.

Shirley Maclaine, a scandal sheet reporter, has smuggled herself into Mr. Ustinov's harem in search of material for a spicy article but doesn't intend to go to bed with the amorous monarch to get it, so she has a tough time—most of which she spends tearing around the Palace in revealing underwear with Mr. Ustinov tootling after her at the wheel of a solid gold mini-car. A bedroom scene with Goldfarb makes the film a mite unsuitable for tots, which is a pity as the all fall down slapstick football game at the end would be right up their street—though I must confess it came nowhere near mine.

In **Seduction Of Julia** (A)—a film based on Somerset Maugham's novel, *Theatre*—Lilli Palmer is cast as an ageing actress who takes a lover (Jean Sorel) young enough to be her son. Miss Palmer, looking a mere 29, is far too pretty for the part but she plays it beautifully, with great wit and sophistication. For her performance, and Charles Boyer's as her suave producer-husband, the film's worth seeing: it is otherwise a somewhat odd piece with dubbed English dialogue (mercifully Miss Palmer and M. Boyer have done their own dubbing) and, despite its London setting, a decidedly Continental air. Alfred Weidenmann directed.

tions that are too jejune to merit their place, this is an instructive work about a splendid subject.

It was only the other day that I realized it was true that there are universities in America prepared to pay authors good money merely for being "in residence", without any other serious obligation to the authorities. Some scribes may consider such an idea money for jam (on both sides of the bread), and the matter is well explored in Malcolm Bradbury's highly amusing novel **Stepping Westward** (Secker & Warburg 30s.). The university he imagines, and the people who inhabit it, are a bit hard to credit. So are the series of comic situations he contrives, which in the end prove too much for the subject of academic beneficence, but this is a comparatively new field, well worth exploring.

Another novel with a simple and wholly laudable aim to please is Victoria Farlow's **Lying a Little** (Harrap 18s.). Here the background is an old people's convalescent home. The idea in general is a light-hearted look at the protracted battle waged by a long-suffering staff coping with the needs and demands of eccentric and exacting patients. I like the author's way with her plot, and many of the old 'uns about whom she writes. For all their oddities they are not such a bad bunch, and they are, I suspect, pretty representative.

If anyone should be curious about unknown rural Brazil, **The Valley of the Latin Bear**, by Alexander Lenard (Gollancz 25s.) will put them wise, for this is its main preoccupation. It is commended by Robert Graves, and the title derives from the fact that the author, who is first and foremost a medical man, won fame and money for himself by a Latin translation of A.A. Milne's *Winnie the Pooh*. The same nursery classic helped to teach him English. In his turn, he taught others. It is all an extraordinary business, well worth reading about.

Briefly . . . First Gentleman of the Bedchamber by Hubert Cole (Heinemann 35s.) is about a man called Richelieu, not in this case a cardinal but a duke, and a specialist in amorous intrigue. Though one is apt to get a bit confused in the end about who has popped into bed with whom, at a French court where such things seem to occupy a great deal of time, this is a full life about a sparrowhawk who lived to be an unrepentant 92. . . . **Wes Hall's Pace Like Fire** (Pelham Books 25s.) is the account to date of a

man who is perhaps the most sensational cricketer that even the West Indies has yet produced. There is a revealing photograph of Peter May looking back in consternation not merely at a broken wicket but a broken stump, and other action pictures of equal interest. As Hall says, to the West Indian cricket is a religion, and after reading what he says about it, one can almost understand why. . . .

The Crack-up, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Penguin 3s. 6d.) consists of five autobiographical pieces and five short stories written by one of the darlings of modern American literature. I have never been able to share the extreme admiration which some feel for Fitzgerald, but this collection strikes me as being not only of interest in itself, but as an excellent introduction to a writer of great natural gifts. . . . **The Shell Treasury of the Countryside**, edited by John Baker (Phoenix House 6s.) is an inexpensive little book about what to see in the country, and as one of the contributors says, looking is not necessarily seeing. It is specially good on old tracks and roads, and as an introduction to a tour of Britain by a stranger from foreign parts, I should say it would be hard to beat as a concise and readable briefing.



Tatler book critic Oliver Warner is a distinguished naval historian with a special interest in Nelson. In Nelson's Battles, published by Batsford in their British Battles series at 45s, he has revised his earlier accounts of the Nile and Trafalgar and added a fresh section on the battle which Nelson considered to be the hardest of his life: Copenhagen. In 1958 Mr. Warner published a more personal account under the title A Portrait of Lord Nelson. The new book includes some of the earlier reverses and failures that helped to shape the career of a hero of outstanding stature

on books

Oliver Warner/Unnerving experience

What was it like to photograph Churchill at the height of the war? An unnerving experience, so one gathers from **The Years Between; Diaries 1939-1944** by Cecil Beaton (Weidenfeld & Nicolson 36s.). The author noted Churchill's pink and whiteness, an aspect not often emphasized, and he did his job for the Ministry of Information with the skill and devotion one would have expected. There is a long section on the Far East that includes some unusual experiences in India and China. The writing is in patches breathless, even hectic, but there is no doubt that Beaton recaptures the atmosphere of

the time as well as anyone, and his illustrations are only a little short of expectation.

I am always urging visitors from overseas to go to the Royal Tournament, if they are here at the right time, and in any case to be sure to see one of the things we do really well—ceremonial drill, performed every day at the Palace, the Horse Guards and elsewhere. Sir Henry Legge-Bourke, once of the Blues, explains it all in **The Queen's Guards: Horse and Foot** (Macdonald 75s.) and though I think the account may enshrine some very doubtful early regimental history, not to speak of one or two illustra-

on records

Gerald Lascelles / Sweet Georgia Brown

Nobody who follows the fortunes of show business will be surprised to see Georgia Brown's name appearing in the record lists, but some at least should find more than they expected in her latest album, **The Many Shades of Georgia Brown** (Capitol). The backing of a first-rate big band helps her towards her goal, but the achievement is hers, and the selection of themes is also clearly something over which she had the major say. She does not pretend to be the greatest jazz singer that ever happened, but she treats each theme in her own personal way, and leaves me in no doubt that she knows what she wants, and how to achieve it.

Django Reinhardt and the incomparable Quintet of the Hot Club of France, whose main recording activity took place before World War II, must rank as one of the groups best covered by re-issued LP albums. Yet another is to hand, **Parisian Swing** (Ace of Clubs), to remind us again of the magical quality assumed by the guitar in his hands, and to prove that his specialized jazz style was the most non-derivative of any European contribution to this field. His close associates at that time, men like Hawkins and Carter who lived and worked in Europe, agree that his phrasing was far ahead of his time, and this facet of his work was endorsed by his immediate acceptance in the post-war era by some of the most *avant garde* players in America.

The fact that records made on the Blue Note label are imported to England, rather than being pressed and produced on this side of the Atlantic with its attendant processing delays, means that we often hear musicians and sounds from this source for the first time. **Some Other Stuff** (Blue Note) brings trombonist Grachan Moncur III to the

scene in some unusual, if not actually weird, performances. He refers to his style as "free jazz", and nobody can wriggle out of this description, because it is as factual as the titles are odd—*Gnostic* and *Nomadic*. Wayne Shorter on tenor and Herbie Hancock on piano lend fantastic and occasionally frenzied support, but the result makes for hard listening, and some very ugly music.

From the same label, more lucid comment on the contemporary scene comes from organist Larry Young in **Into Something**, one of those unpretentious albums which seem to make the backbone of the Blue Note catalogue. The presence of that brilliant and versatile drummer, Elvin Jones ensures that the performances are completely integrated, and tenorman Sam Rivers builds skilfully on the patterns and themes contributed by Young. He is at present working with his own quartet in Paris, but has indicated that his roots are in America, and that he does not intend to join the swelling ranks of expatriate jazzmen in the French capital.

When it comes to jazz, Humphrey Lyttelton is one of the most dedicated Englishmen. I was fortunate in being able to bring together, for the second time in their careers, Humphrey and Buck Clayton, at the jazz festival in Manchester in 1963. Union restrictions prevented them from recording in this country, but during a subsequent tour of Switzerland they played a magnificent session, **Me and Buck** (World Record Club). There is a tremendous stylistic rapport between the two trumpeters, and their collaboration remains as one of the great musical handshakes between the two continents. In another session, made by a slightly different Lyttelton band, alas without Buck, explores the same territory with wit and imagination.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Summer doldrums

There was a time, not so long ago, when August in London was a dead month for me. Commercial gallery proprietors used to shut up shop or put on a mixed show from stock

and go on holiday without caring a damn that people like me had nothing to write about. Then one or two of them, shrewder or more conscientious or just less prosperous than



Polish-born artist Feliks Topolski in his studio under the arches of Waterloo Bridge. Around him are sketches for his portrait of the Duke of Edinburgh and (left) the start of the 12-foot painting of the Prince at the Trooping the Colour ceremony

the rest, decided to take a cunning advantage of their rivals' absence by mounting a really good exhibition that would attract the art-hungry hordes of visitors to London (not to mention those natives who, again like me, choose to stay here when the alternatives are the greater evils of Bognor or St. Tropez or Majorca in August). The idea paid off and ever since more and more galleries have come to recognize that London is no longer deserted in August, not even by the sort of people who buy pictures.

This week there are upwards of a dozen worthwhile shows running. Some of them, like the John Peter Russell exhibition at Wildenstein's and the Moore and Bacon show at the New London Gallery, I have already written about. Others, like the **Soundings Two** exhibition at Signals, in Wigmore Street, I shall get around to in a later column. Now, one show more than any other demands my attention, both because it is important and because it has only a short time left to run. It is at the Leicester Galleries and is called **Six Decades of American Art**.

All the obvious things about this show have already been said by the Sunday newspaper critics. It has been pointed out that when we talk of American Painting today we usually mean Pollock and Rothko; de Kooning and Rauschenberg; Kline and Dine; Motherwell and Johns; Ellsworth Kelly and etcetera; and that none of these is represented at the Leicester Galleries. With the possible exception of Ben Shahn all the artists shown here are less well known in this country than those well-publicized pillars of the New American Painting. But without them, or some of them, the New American Painting would probably not exist. Their names are Stuart Davis, Charles Demuth, Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe, Charles Sheeler, Joseph Stella, Max Weber.

They are not the only "pioneers of modernism in America" (as the catalogue describes them), but they are brought together now because they are all, living or dead, artists of New York's famous Downtown Gallery, opened in 1926 by a remarkable woman, Edith

Halpert, who still runs it today. An idealist, rare among art dealers, she is "like the art critics, a disappointed artist—but a very happy one". Recently she was quoted as saying: "Art is not for investment. Art is for pleasure. It must be bought for love." As I said, she is an idealist. In the catalogue of the Downtown's first exhibition she wrote: "The gallery's aim is to have no special prejudice for any school. Its selection is directed by what is enduring, not by what is in vogue."

Certainly none of the artists I have named can be said to have been in vogue when she took them on more than 30 years ago. But three of them—Shahn, O'Keeffe and Sheeler—have lived long enough to see and marvel at the great breakthrough of modern American art and to enjoy fame as its elders. Shahn, the best known here, is at 67 still continuing to evolve and produce original ideas as may be seen in the

works, dated from 1931 to 1963, in the present exhibition. Sheeler (78) is represented by works of 1949 and 1951 that epitomize his life-long concern with the industrial scene and his important contribution to a peculiarly American form of "hard-edge" abstract painting that had its big moment in the late 1950s.

But of this trio Georgia O'Keeffe is in some ways the most remarkable. Unlike many of these artists, who came to Europe in their formative years, Miss O'Keeffe (78) made her first visit in 1953. Her work is therefore more essentially American than most, particularly since she had lived until then mainly in the South West and found her inspiration in the desert of New Mexico where she now lives. Yet the most remarkable of her five paintings at the Leicester Galleries, *Dark Painting*, dated 1920, is an "abstraction" that must still have seemed daring 20 or 30 years later.

important themes — man-woman, Man-God, female psychology, etc., etc.—but these are insufficiently expounded. That the programme notes are among the funniest of their kind since Anna Russell set us right about *The Ring* seems to indicate that the producer, too, feels this. Leon Lovett conducted, and made much of a big and interesting score, ranging in its effects from eerie whisperings to driving link-music between the scenes.

Witchcraft and obsession of another kind inform Verdi's **Macbeth**. Compared with Prokofiev's sexual symbolism, however, Shakespeare's witches seem almost on nursery level, so it was agreeable to be actually chilled by the apparition scene in the Glyndebourne production. This was partly due to the powerful playing of the orchestra under Lamberto Gardelli and partly due to the

Macbeth of Kostas Paskalis whose own terror communicated powerfully. He is a splendid baritone and a major discovery for Glyndebourne. Young, with a good stage presence, his voice is rich, steady and well-controlled. His Lady Macbeth was a Swedish soprano, Gunilla af Malmbourg, attractive (which isn't quite right in this context, but never mind), musical, but lacking that inner conviction which would make her sleepwalking scene a more terrible collapse. This production is a terrific success, but in the final analysis the whole is more effective than the individual parts; both Michael Langdon as Banquo and David Hughes as Macduff remained resolutely uninvolved. Emanuele Luzzati's sets and Franco Enriquez' production remain models of imaginative economy, the fight scene setting a high standard for future operatic battles.

on opera

J. Roger Baker / The great obsession

Sex, religion, black magic and demonic possession must rank high as ingredients for instant success in the theatre. All occur in Prokofiev's opera, **The Angel of Fire**, produced at Sadler's Wells by the New Opera Company, yet the work ultimately fails to make the expected impact. It was composed between 1919 and 1927, just after Prokofiev had completed *The Love of Three Oranges*, a spiky fairy-tale with which the present opera probably compares as the dark side of the moon.

Renata is a woman possessed by an angel who visited her from time to time during girlhood. When she reached sixteen she shocked him by suggesting they went to bed together, and he turned fiery with anger. Ever since she has been looking for the human embodiment of this visitant. Ruprecht, a knight, attempts to save her, first by helping her with magical invocations, later trying to use the force of genuine human love. He fails, and in the final scene Renata manages to infect an entire convent with her hysteria before being carried off to torture and the flames of the Inquisition.

On one hand there are scenes of emotional hysteria; on the other scenes of philosophical argument, including what

appeared to be an irrelevant episode in which Mephistopheles and a bored Faust appear. The two levels do not lie easily side by side; construction may be at fault and also production. Michael Knight provided a gloomy, timbered permanent set which worked well, but emanated no atmosphere of 14th-century Germany, and Peter Coe's direction—apart from the entrance of the nuns in the final scene, which was imaginatively composed—rarely rose above routine efficiency. Some scenes work as tremendous theatre; notably the invocation of the spirit by black magic, Renata's hallucinatory fits and the final mass possession of the nuns; but they work only as individual scenes, not as part of a whole.

Marie Collier writhed and grovelled unnervingly as the possessed Renata: she was in strong voice (much of her music recalled Puccini) but is at the moment merely sketching the role. She will eventually be superb (her second attempts at Katerina Ismailova and Elina Makropulos were infinitely better than her first). John Shaw made a solid Ruprecht, the smaller roles were filled out well, and the chorus handled some complex counterpoint admirably.

Clearly the opera touches on a number of large and



Paul Newman as Juan Carrasco, the Mexican bandit, in MGM's film *The Outrage*, also starring Claire Bloom, Edward G. Robinson and Laurence Harvey. *The Outrage* is an adaptation of the Japanese film *Rashomon*, first seen in London in the early 1950s.

DINING IN

Helen Burke / Summer treats

During the summer months lobster costs less and that is the time to splurge a little and serve it. In Madame Prunier's admirable *Fish Cookery Book*, there are 51 recipes for lobster, so it is not necessary to do the familiar variants—Mayonnaise, Thermidor or Newburg. Here is a lobster dish a friend in France evolved and which I call **LOBSTER THERESE** after her. Instead of lobster, you can use crawfish tails or even scampi and, at a pinch, canned lobster would work very well. For 4 persons you will need the flesh of 2 cooked lobsters weighing 1½ to 1¾ pounds each. Or, instead of lobsters, four cooked small crawfish tails or up to a pound of cooked peeled frozen scampi. The jumbo ones would be the best, but they are the most expensive. Incidentally, when you choose lobster, pick it up and judge it by its weight. One which is light for its size will not be worth the money you pay for it.

First, make a fish stock. The fishmonger will probably let you have the bones of a good-

sized sole for nothing. Wash and place them in a pan with water and dry white wine, half-and-half, to cover them. Add a sliced onion, a tiny piece of bay leaf, a small sprig of thyme, 3 to 4 parsley stalks and a little salt and pepper. Cover, bring to the boil, simmer for 20 minutes.

Melt ½ oz. of butter in a smallish saucepan, add ½ oz. of flour and just let them froth. Remove from the heat and stir in up to ½ pint of the strained stock. Return to the heat and simmer, while stirring gently, to make a smooth cream-like sauce. Cool a little. Well beat in 2 egg yolks, one at a time, then add a good ounce of grated Parmesan cheese, and up to 2 tablespoons of thick cream. Taste. Add a few grains of cayenne pepper and, if necessary, further salt.

Place the lobster or other shellfish in a not-too-shallow oven-dish and trickle a tablespoon or so of double cream over it. Cover with buttered greaseproof paper and place in the oven at 350° or gas mark 4 while whipping the two egg

whites and a pinch of salt until stiff but not quite to the meringue stage. Lightly fold them into the yolk mixture. Take the dish from the oven and remove the paper. Turn the soufflé mixture on to the shellfish. Return the dish to the oven and bake for about 30 minutes until the soufflé is nicely risen and a pale gold.

If you are a dab hand at making Hollandaise sauce, serve some separately.

Just now, when we have had a spate of berry fruits, one of the most refreshing sweets is **ORANGE BAVARIAN CREAM**, made to be not firm enough to hold a shape because I think it then tastes better than when made into a mould. Serve it from a trifle dish or, better, in individual glasses. Well scrub four largish oranges. Dry them thoroughly and grate off the zest. Halve the oranges and squeeze out the juice. In a bowl, or the top of a double boiler, mix together 4 oz. of caster sugar, 2 egg yolks and the juice and grated rind of the oranges. Stand this in warm water over a low heat and gradually raise the temperature. Stir until the sauce is cooked—but it must not boil.

Have ready a coffee-spoon of best quality powdered gelatine, softening in a tablespoon of water. Add this to the hot

sauce and gently mix it in. When the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved, pass the mixture through a fairly fine sieve into a basin and leave it until cold.

Whisk ½ pint of double cream to the half-firm stage and mix it into the other mixture, together with a tablespoon of kirsch or orange liqueur. Finally, whip the egg whites to the meringue stage and fold them in. Turn into a serving dish or 6 to 7 individual glasses.

FAIRY PUDDING, another good summer sweet, is a favourite in my family. Separate 4 eggs. Put a pint of water, the juice of 2 lemons and 8 oz. of caster sugar into a small pan and bring them to the boil. Stir in 2½ oz. of cornflour, blended with a little water, and boil for a few minutes. Whip the egg whites stiffly. Gradually stir the sauce into them. Turn the mixture into a wetted mould and leave in a cold place to set. Unmould when required and serve with a chilled custard made as follows:

From a pint of milk, take enough in which to blend well 2 teaspoons of cornflour. Bring the remaining milk, sweetened to taste, to the boil. Add the blended cornflour and simmer for 3 minutes. Gradually stir this into the beaten egg yolk and add vanilla essence to taste. Allow to cool, then chill in the refrigerator. Serves 8 to 9.

Other people's children



Sandra Jill (5 years) and **Sally Emma Jean** (at 8 months), the children of Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Cross, of Linum Cottage, Bray-on-Thames



Louise (3½ years), and **Anna** (at 6 months), are the daughters of Mr. & Mrs. David Ewart, who live at Emperor's Gate, S.W.7

BEAUTY SLEEP

Good Looks by Evelyn Forbes

Sound sleep is a universal beauty treatment, but in August nights tend to be hot and stuffy and sleep may not be easy. Arrange a cross current of air by opening both doors and windows; remove the under blanket from the bed and sleep without a pillow or with one that is low and not too soft. Hair about the face is hot-making so brush it back and keep it tied with a ribbon band. A clean face is a cool face, so having creamed off your make-up as usual, use Super-Clean by Germaine Monteil, applying the lather with the amusing little shaving brush which is excellent for deep cleansing and stimulating.

Take plenty of time to unwind, particularly after a gay evening. Loiter over your undressing, spend lots of time on hair brushing and scalp massage and have a go-to-sleep bath in warm water with pine essence, the German bath essence Badedas, or Morny's Sandalwood or French Fern bath essence. Float in the

fragrant water for seven minutes then blot yourself dry, thoroughly but leisurely.

If sleep tends to be difficult, avoid taking a large or late meal, cut out tea or coffee and instead have a bedtime milky drink or an infusion of lime flowers or peppermint. Lime and peppermint tisanes cost 2s. 6d., and may be bought from Health Food stores. Milk to which you have added eight drops of oil of cloves is an old-time sleep bringer, as is a bowl of lettuce soup.

When you get into bed, try to relax completely, paying particular attention to tension spots such as forehead, nape of neck, jaw and hands. Smooth out the forehead, let the jaw drop, loosen the shoulders and lifting the head from the pillow let it fall back, repeating this until it is the pillow which is supporting the head and not the neck muscles. Now unclench the hands and shake them loosely until they are relaxed.

If you are too tired to relax consciously,

try a tip given by the late Mr. Eeman in his book, *How do you Sleep?* Clasp the hands and cross the ankles. After a minute or two you will find that it is easier to relax and you will become drowsy and finally fall asleep.

Another idea—a nature cure this time—is a bandage wrung out in warm water and wound round the neck under a dry scarf. Another way of drawing the blood from the head is a hot foot bath or, as a last resort (for this is bad for the facial contour) a higher pillow.

BEAUTY FLASH

In mid-August, a new soap by Michael Denham called Italian Marble will be in the shops. It is good to look at, to hold, to smell and to use. It is made in three colours and three scents. *Siena* is a marbled green with a cool green perfume. *Capua* is blue in colour with a fresh flowery fragrance. *Mantua*, a coral red, smells warm, rich and sophisticated. 5s. 6d. a tablet; 16s. 6d. for a box of three.



In hot weather try the cool comfort of an Optrex eye mask placed over your eyes when you lie down to sleep. You can buy them in cartons of 6 for 5s. or in individual sachets for 1s. Optrex Eye Lotion now comes in the Traveller, a light-weight sparkling blue bottle complete with eye bath which won the Gold Star Award in the Institute of Packaging's Star Pack Competition, 1965. It costs 5s.

Dudley Noble / Something out of the ordinary

MOTORING

THE SAAB SPORT



PHOTOGRAPH: MORRIS NEWCOMBE

The exploits of Erik Carlsson in motor rallies throughout Europe have left few people unaware of the fact that Svenska Aeroplan Aktiebolaget, of Linköping, Sweden, make a rather special car called the Saab. It is individualistic to a degree, of the type that appeals to so many motorists who revel in owning something out of the ordinary and, now that a special sports version is available with right hand drive, even more will be attracted.

It certainly costs plenty for a car of only 841 c.c. (a little smaller than the Austin or Morris Mini), but it comes equipped with everything that the rally enthusiast looks for, and its engine is very far advanced from that of the bread and butter Saab—the latter costs £729 and the Sport £1,139, both tax paid.

In each case the engine is a three-cylinder, water cooled, working on the two-stroke principle; principally this means that there are double the number of power impulses as compared with the ordinary car engine, and valves and valve gear are done away with.

Most small motorcycles have this type of engine; it hums rather than "percusses", and in the case of the supertuned Saab Sport it well nigh screams when driven hard.

7,000 revolutions a minute is within its capabilities when in the very best of humours, but for everyday use 6,000 is about the practical limit. The maximum power is 55 b.h.p., developed at 5,000 r.p.m., and I found that one could all but touch 90 m.p.h. on the open road. One has to keep the engine buzzing round in order to get the best out of it, for in the design of this Sport model it is the competitions driver who has been considered. With the regular "96" family saloon Saab, the power output is 38 b.h.p., developed at 4,250 r.p.m., and the road performance—though very good for a car with so small an engine—is proportionately less.

There is a great likeness between the two models, though the Sport has "faster" lines and a generally more rakish air; Saab's knowledge of aerodynamics has been gained through jet fighter aircraft construction and they

have put it to good use. It seems a trifle high off the ground in its bodywork but nevertheless handling is exceptionally stable and, when one has mastered the knack, corners can be taken at high speed so long as the foot is kept on the accelerator. To lift it off half-way round is, however, to destroy this advantage of the Saab front wheel drive. The expert Scandinavian rally drivers use foot-hard-down technique as their means of keeping up with much more powerful cars on twisting mountain roads, especially when ice-covered: they never let up on the throttle when approaching and even going round bends.

The looser the surface the better they like it, and sometimes give a sharp jab on the brake pedal with the other foot to help the tail of the car skid in the desired direction. The fact that the back wheels are not independently sprung, but trail on a rigid beam axle mounted (as are the front) on coil springs, probably contributes to this hectic procedure. It has produced many a rally win and publicized the Saab

name throughout the world of motor sport.

The brakes are a mixture of discs (10½ inches in diameter) at the front and drum type at the back, and as a safety measure there are two separate hydraulic operating circuits.

Underlining the intended purpose of the Sport model, the steering wheel is of wood-rimmed racing pattern and a rev. counter is standardized. So, too, are fog and spot lamps, a reversing light and mudflaps to the back wheels (these are a legal requirement in Sweden), while the heater is truly capable of coping with wintry temperatures in the frozen north. The rear window, too, is kept mist free when the heater is in action.

Rear view mirrors on the doors are also a standard fitting, and I cannot praise them too highly—I have now put them on my own car as the result of using those on the Saab. They allow the driver to see clearly, for instance, if a cyclist is about to overtake before opening the car door. The Saab certainly has a lot of very practical features, and is a car of definite distinction.

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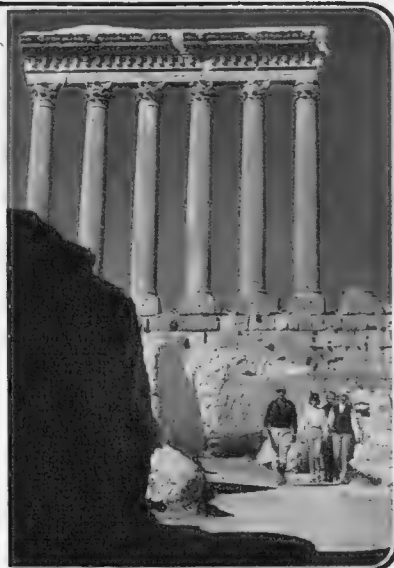


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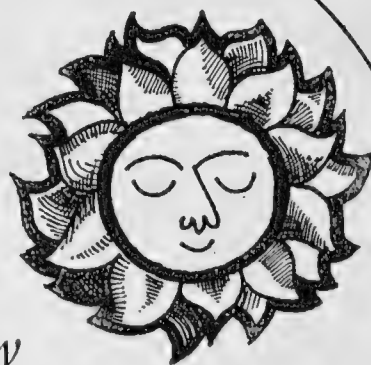
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Miss Fiona Rosamond Couchman to Captain S. M. C. Wrigley: *She* is the younger daughter of Admiral Sir Walter Couchman and Phyllida Lady Couchman, of Johnstown House, Carlow, Republic of Ireland. *He* is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. Wrigley, of Lilac Cottage, Otterbourne, Hampshire. On this page (14 July) Miss Couchman's portrait was wrongly described as that of Miss Recordon (*left*) due to a transposition of captions which occurred before the pictures reached this office. We apologize to all concerned for any distress that may have been caused

Miss Jennifer Grummant Buxton to Mr. Peter John Esdaile: *She* is the daughter of the late Mr. & Mrs. H. G. Buxton, of Wormley, Surrey. *He* is the eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. John Woods, of Holmes House, Betchworth, Surrey



PHOTOGRAPH: YEVONDE



PHOTOGRAPH: BASSANO & VANDYKE



Montagu-Hunloke: Lady Katharine Montagu, daughter of Mr. Victor Montagu, of Great College Street, S.W.1, and of Mrs. Rosemary Peto, of Argyll Road, W.8, was married to Nicholas Victor, younger son of Lt.-Col. H. P. Hunloke, of St. Catherine's Lodge, Bearwood Road, Wokingham, Berkshire, and of Lady Anne Montagu, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



PHOTOGRAPH: DESMOND O'NEILL

Creighton Morris-Allhusen: Annabel Victoria, only daughter of Mr. John Creighton Morris, of Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, and of Mrs. Cynthia Creighton Morris, of Sydney Street, S.W.3, was married to Timothy Frederick, son of Major Derek & the Hon. Mrs. Allhusen, of the Manor House, Claxton, Norwich, at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Cadogan Street

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